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## The Memory Game











## Chapter 1 by Joseph Donovan

Two months ago, I worked in a lab to produce an anti-anxiety med for patients that suffered from PTSD. At 25 mg, it would reduce anxiety in typical sized males. At 50 mg, it would reduce the ability to recall memories that induced anxiety. At 100mg, it would erase memories. At 200 mg, it would erase one's entire cognitive ability- making you a numbed out drooling zombie.

I say I worked there two months ago; because, well the place doesn't exist anymore. Thanks to him, every employee lost their entire memories to the point that no one knew who they were or why they were there.

He had enough of those pills to wipe out the state, and enough knowledge to produce more. He'd take these pills and find creative ways to make entire cities unknowingly ingest them. Some times he'd get the right dosage...sometimes he did not. What ever the result was, these past-less cities were always convinced that he was their Great Leader.

The thing is, I'm doing it too.

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I am humanity's last hope.

Go ahead and laugh. I can't help sniggering a little now. But I'm serious. I need to get back to that lab and gather all the chemicals I need, as well as the microchip with the world's backed-up memories. Where is it? Well...it's...in his wallet. Yes, he does keep it in his pocket. Soooo...how is this plan--getting back to the lab and getting the whole world's brain withOUT getting caught-going to work?

Well, that's where you come in. I'm going to need your help, since you and I are the only ones resistant to the drug.

Just try not to remember the death of your mother all those years ago...

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